

THE 321ST INFANTRY

on O. D.'s, and received full overseas equipment. Here we passed in review three times a day—usually in the midst of a suffocating dust storm. Here Colonel Halstead made his last address before the regiment sailed for France. He made a lasting impression upon every man in the regiment that day. Henceforth the colonel of the 321st was well known to his men.

The 30th of July found us en route to Hoboken, N. J., via Brooklyn and a ferry boat. We filed from the ferry boat onto the pier, through a big warehouse, and up the gang planks of the troop ships. The good women of the Red Cross were present, and gave us a happy send-off with hot coffee, buns, ice cream and "safe arrival" cards.

In those moments, when we are good enough to think seriously about it at all, we wonder how the Red Cross women can work so untiringly, zealously, cheerfully, and with such utter self-effacement. But after all we know they are actuated by the mother instinct which seeks expression through self-sacrifice. The following poem from a mother, inspired by the sailing of her son, reveals the heart of millions of mothers who suffered with their sons in this war. Would that every mother's son could have been handed such a poem from his mother as he went aboard a transport!